

SARAH V. BARROW.



ELIZABETH REID.



Editorial and Literary Department

Concerning Rules and the Child's Conference

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Many of you are still sending in contributions and drawings unsigned, and many of you are not following the rule which requires you to draw with black ink on white paper, and to write your stories and letters just on one side of the paper.

Now, children, I am calling your attention again to these omissions that you may remedy them, as I know you will. Otherwise I am afraid that you will continue to be disappointed at the non-appearance of what you have sent in.

I should like to have some line model headings for your page, to display at your department of the Child's Conference. Fine drawings of all kinds and posters are also desired. I wish to have as many photographs as possible sent. I am going to have these framed and hung in the department. Illustrated stories, carefully written, with ornamental headings, will be most acceptable, and puzzles in picture form and embodying other original ideas, will be gladly received.

Now, you have your work arranged for you, and I am certain I will speedily have evidence of your desire to render the exhibit a credit to yourself, your State, your page, and your editor.

Mark all that you send plainly "for the Child Conference," so that I may be able to separate it from your regular work and keep them for the purpose they are intended to fill.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Robert Quinlan, Hallsboro, Va.
Miss Bruce Wilkins, Lawrenceville, Va.
John P. McGuire, Jr., 7 North Belvidere Street, city.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Andrews, Hazel
Anderson, A. V.
Anthony, Blanche
Barnes, John T.
Braxton, Mary C.
Lal, Walker
Baker, Elizabeth
Baker, Verna
Baker, John
Bloxton, Mary
Beverly, Elaine
Beverly, Cedric S.
Baur, Florence
Barrow, Sarah V.
Caudle, Pauline
Coffman, T. D.
Craig, Jean E.
Chadwick, H. E.
Chadwick, W. E.
Chadwick, N. H.
Carpenter, Frank
Dyke, Evelyn E.
Daniel, M. M.
Davis, J. H., Jr.
Dawson, W. T.
Ellis, Lion A.
Elder, Curtis G.
Graves, F. Earle
Glenn, Isabel
Gayle, Hertha
Gartin, Emma A.
Gilliam, Mary A.
Glenn, Isabel
Gills, Robert M.
Gary, Nell S.
Hay, Frances E.
Hattford, Alvin
Hoge, Alice A.
Henderson, R. B.
Jones, L. Gertrude
Jones, Mildred
Kent, Edna
Kennedy, Mortimer Wilkins, Bruce.

APRIL.

April is the fourth month of the year, and received its name from the Romans who called it "Aprilis." This word means to open, and was so called because it is the month of opening buds. April is held sacred to Venus, the Roman goddess of spring and love.

The first day of April is called "April Fools' Day," because in ancient times a feast was held on this day, which was so foolish, it was called by the people of Western Europe "The Feast of the Fools."

In April the flowers, trees and grass begin to bud. The birds begin to chirp among the young leaves and buds of the trees. The voices of their little hearts of gold are also heard opening through the grass. I am sure every one has heard the old saying, "April showers bring May flowers." April is surely a month of spring because in this month with that nameless pathos in the air, which dwells with all things fair; Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain, is with us once again.

The story, but not the poetry, composed by EVELYN E. DYKE, 2512 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

AN EASTER HUNT.

Old girls, cried Rosamond, mother says we may have an Easter egg hunt. Rosamond ran down beside her two sisters, Kitty and Pauline, to tell them about the arrangements.

"When is it to be?" asked Pauline. "It is to be Monday, the 17th. Mother says that we may invite twenty of our friends, and the one that finds the most eggs will be given a prize. We will hide the eggs in the front yard, and put ten eggs in each nest. Monday came at last and it was a beautiful day. Pauline, Kitty and Rosamond were up early to help their mother. Soon all was ready, and Pauline, Rosamond and Kitty, in their prettiest white dresses, awaited the coming of their guests. At 1 o'clock they began to arrive. Soon there was a merry crowd of children jumping over the lawn, hunting the pretty colored eggs hidden away in the nests. The first that found the most eggs was Nancy Dale, and the prize was a beautiful white rabbit, very much alive. Then the children were called into the dining room, where dainty refreshments were served—ice cream eggs in candy nests. Original.

MARY SAABYE, Christiansburg, Va.

A VISIT TO TREE LAND.

All the subjects bowed low and presented the children who knelt before her and kissed her hand.

"Long have we waited for a visit from you, Edith and Jack. We are glad and proud to have you visit our beautiful domain," said her majesty, in a silvery voice.

"We just love to come to see you, dear queen," cried impulsive Edith, throwing her arms around the queen.

Queen Star called for an attendant and ordered her to get the children ready for the banquet that was to be given in their honor.

Having on clean suits they were soon ready. Edith had a wreath of forget-me-nots on her short, fair curls, and Jack had a wreath of English daisies on his dark curls.

Edith and Jack were escorted to the banquet hall by the queen's special guard, and were seated in a bower of beautiful pink and white roses.

Everything was gotten from Tree Land that was served at that banquet. There were cherries, strawberries and honey; there were honey cakes and maple sugar and dew, served in leaves, flowers and acorn cups.

The children said the banquet was the grandest they had ever been to, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After what seemed like an hour—really a minute, L. Tree Land—the children remembered that they had been sent on an errand. And farwells and invitations to come again, the children left Tree Land. But they visited Queen Star and the Tree Land folk often after. MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM, South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

THE BARNYARD BALL.

Mr. Red Rooster had good news to tell. There was to be a ball in the barnyard. Squire Jones, his spent the whole day writing invitations. He sent one to the Plymouth Rock family, one to the "Speckled Sisters," for that was what the bantams called themselves, and even one to Grandpa Leghorn and his family. Grandpa Leghorn was considered the worst thief in the village, but that did not matter now. The ball was to be held Saturday night when all of Squire Jones's folks were asleep. When the audience had gathered, Professor Red Rooster opened the program with a thrilling speech, saying that he was not afraid of Squire Jones and all of the people, and he was cheered for his bravery. Dancing came next and Grandpa Leghorn cut a jig so hard that he came very near getting his head "bumped" as Professor Red Rooster said. After refreshments were served, which consisted of corn, oats and water, they commenced telling jokes, and Grandpa Leghorn cackled so loudly that it woke up Squire Jones and he ended their merriment quickly. Original. By WALKER BEAL.

SNOWBALL AND THE CIRCUS.

Abe was a little black boy. The boys in the village called him Snowball, which made him feel his big eyes and show his teeth in a disgraceful manner. Early one morning a cloud of dust could be seen at the end of the town. The boys shouted as they ran. "The circus has come!" and little Snowball, too.

He followed the splendid procession up and down the streets. The glittering wagons and spangles and banners fairly made his eyes ache. The band played the horses with their plumes stepped gaily along, the clowns cut up the funniest capers, elephants and camels all were there.

At last they halted at a large common. The great white tents were unfolded and spread. All the animals were fed and the horses carefully watered. Little Abe carried water, two buckets at a time. All these horses must drink, and he was helping. But when they were done and the showman handed him a ticket he stared at it as if it could not be real, and just managed to stammer out, "Thank you, sah."

As he ran homeward with his ticket he saw a group of boys with a kitten. The poor creature was mewling pitiously in the hands of her tormentors. What was going on? He did not dare ask, for he was afraid. "I must be home," he thought, and he ran.

"Give it to me," said Abe, advancing sternly.

"Why? I guess not, Snowball," said the boy.

"Yes, give it to me, or I'll burn it, or I'll stomp it," said Abe anxiously.

"Yes, yes," spoke up another boy, "and you'd better be walking along toward home."

"I'll give you this for her," said Abe holding out his ticket.

One ticket would not take them all into the circus, but they could sell it and buy many good things with the money. "Take her," cried one of the boys, snatching the ticket and throwing the kitten at Abe's feet.

He picked her up gently and walked away, two great tears fell on Kitty's soft fur.

"That was giving her a first-class circus," he said, "but I'm mighty glad I happened 'long in time to save this poor thing." WILLIE D. SPANGLER, Buena Vista, Va.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Once there was a little girl named Sue. She lived in a yellow house with white columns. She would get very homesome sometimes. One day she went fishing in the river with her little bulldog. Soon she got there her little dog fell in. Oh, how she cried, and her little dog barked, but did all this crying and barking do, any good? No.

The long time after she saw that her little dog had swum to an island. Then she cried for joy.

Then she took off her shoes and stockings and waded to the island, grabbing her little dog in both arms. Then she put on her shoes and stockings and soon reached home.

NANCY M. LYNE, Willow Grove, Orange county, Va.

LURE OF THE DESERT.

A song was sung of the Golden West, It stirred a note in a boyish breast. His heart was full and ready to go into the sunset's western glow. And he left behind all he loved best: He had heard a song of the Golden West. But the sun shone hot on the barren plain. And the fever surged to his aching brain.

He longed for the touch of his mother's hand, To walk once more in the meadow land. And all at once he is home again. For he had heard the desert, the fever and pain.

The light from the window shines full and bright. Into the cool and silent night. Father, mother, sister, all. He heard them whisper; he heard them call.

He has entered in at the open door, But the light goes out and he sees no more. And the desert around him, bare and white, Stretches into the coming night.

He thought of those he had left behind. And his aching eyes with a mist are blind. He opened wide the cabin door. And started across the plain once more.

And the desert cried again and again. "Son of mine, come back again!" But he heeded not the desert's call. Nor the coyotes' cry in the mountain tall.

For he heard the sound of a distant stream. Like the one he saw in his fevered dreams.

He came at last to the river's side. And dashed himself in the rushing tide. As the waves still go the foamy waves As the waves above a new-made grave.

And a spirit free is now at rest. He answered the call of the Golden West. Composed by HARRY CHADWICK, Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

WASHINGTON THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

When the first Congress under the Constitution met and counted the electoral votes it was found that George Washington had unanimously been chosen President. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was elected Vice-President. Washington's journey from Mt. Vernon to New York was great progress. The people everywhere crowded to meet him. Bands of music, volleys of artillery and shouts of his countrymen hailed his coming. Philadelphia gave him a reception. At Trenton a procession of women and girls strewed flowers in his way and sang songs in his praise. On the 23rd of April, 1775, the first inauguration took place in the City of New York in sight of a large crowd, which shouted: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." After delivering his inaugural address, the President, with the members of Congress, went to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where Bishop Prevost held service for them.

Pedlar Mills, Va. EVELYN J. RAY.

WOLF AND HIS LITTLE MISTRESS.

Wolf was a great big Newfoundland dog. His little mistress was little Margaret Stewart of seven summers. Margaret had a head of little brown curls and large brown eyes that never missed anything that was to be seen. Altogether she was a beautiful child. Her father and mother lived in a suburban home three-quarters of a mile from the city of Philadelphia. In the winter they lived in Philadelphia. Margaret never left the house unless Wolf was at her side. Her mother would send her and Wolf down the street to the store, Margaret carrying the note and Wolf the basket. If any dogs would come and try to get anything out of the basket Wolf would sit it down and fight the other dog (or dogs), and then go back and get the basket and go running along home. Original. FLORENCE REX, 1013 Porter Street, City.

LOOKING BACK.

Bring me again now the days that are gone: Why is the burden so heavy to bear? Oh, bid the pathway lead back while I mourn—

Back to the days that were sunny and fair? I was dreaming of you, little maiden, in white. And I saw once again in my dream The little low cottage, the days of delight.

The garden, the meadow and stream. What made the lilacs so beautifully white. Like ivory blossoms of scented snow That sprang in my garden and opened at night—

Through the wide portals of heaven's far door? They were the children that died to the earth: Little ones playing on yonder fair shore. Yearning to see us were given now birth: Hearts that had worshiped them saw them once more.

All of my lilacs I'll gather and carry Out to the hearts that are burdened and sore. They shall breathe sweetly of new resurrection. Friends that are gone and the healing of woe.

BESSIE MAY CHADWICK, Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

SAFETY TO ASTRAL

WILLIE ANN STAPLES.

MELL GARY.

WILLIE ANN STAPLES.

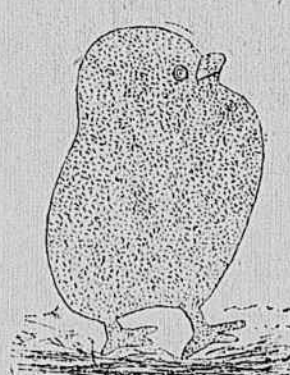
MELL GARY.

WILLIE ANN STAPLES.

MELL GARY.

WILLIE ANN STAPLES.

MELL GARY.



JOHN BAKER.



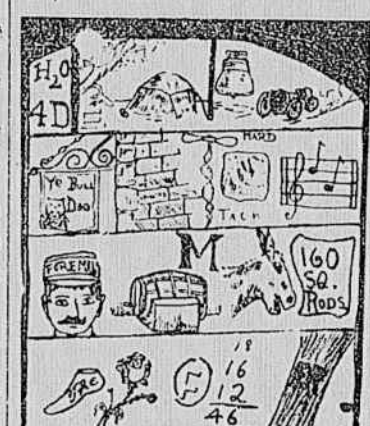
HELEN TIGNOR.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

Puzzle Department

A March Puzzle.



1. Three cities of Ireland. 2. A March event, occurring in this country very often. 3. A historical event that occurred in March. 4. An ever-popular old-time Irish song.

By J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR., 1214 West Cary Street, Richmond, Va.

Profile Puzzle.



How many outlines of faces can you find on this picture? CURTIS G. ELDER, Brookneal, Va.

Answers to Booklovers' Contest.

1. John Shakespeare.

2. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwick county, and was educated in the free grammar school at Stratford.

3. He went with bad company, who were in the habit of deer stealing. Shakespeare, thinking it too severe, wrote a bitter ballad about him, and for this Sir Lucy prosecuted him so much harder that Shakespeare was obliged to move to London.

4. In the chancel of Stratford Church.

5. Mary, Queen of Scots, Elizabeth and James I.

6. He was born in 1564 and died in 1616.

7. Shakespeare.

8. 308 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

Answers to Booklovers' Contest.

1. John Shakespeare was his father.

2. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, and was educated at the free school at Stratford.

3. The sharp prosecution of Sir Thomas Lucy prove him to seek an asylum at London.

4. He is buried on the north side of the chancel of the great church at Stratford.

5. It is probable that the people of Stratford objected to the removing of Shakespeare's body.

6. He lived during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and of James I.

7. Shakespeare has been known to spell it three ways, but I believe that he generally spell it "Shakespeare."

FRANCES E. HAY, Madison, Va.



WADE H. VINCENT.



KATHERINE L. ROWZIE.



BLANCHE ANTHONY.



W. T. EASLEY.



JOHN P. MCGUIRE.



JOHN A. ELLIS.



HAPPY EASTER.



HAROLD VINCENT.



THELMA SMIS.



WILLIE ANN STAPLES.



MELL GARY.



MELL GARY.



BLANCHE JACKSON.



PAULINE CAUDLE.



ISABEL GLENN.



MAGGIE WILLIAMSON.



THELMA TIGNOR.



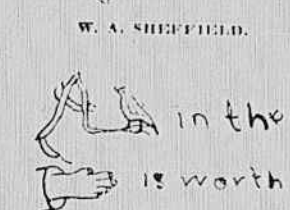
WALKER BEAL.



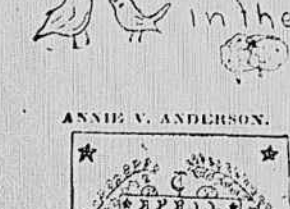
ELIZABETH BAKER.



W. A. SHEPHERD.



ANNIE V. ANDERSON.



F. E. GRAVES.



F. E. GRAVES.